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MATILDA,

OR THE

WELCH COTTAGE.

T. Plummer, Printer, Seething-Lane.

IN THE PRESS.

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MATILDA,

OR

The Welch Cottage,

A POETIC TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THEODORE, OR THE GAMESTER'S PROGRESS;

THE MARGATE NEW GUIDE;

AND

PARODIES ON GAY.

33

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MATILDA,

OR THE

WELCH COTTAGE.

The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.

YOUNG.

WHERE Snowdon's mount in majesty sublime
It's summit rears, and with protecting shade
Shelt'ring the fertile valley at it's base,
Tempers the heat of the meridian sun

And bids to cherish, what, if unrestrain'd,
Would work destruction with relentless pow'r;
Where nature pastimes uncontroul'd, and courts
Her vot'ries to partake the awful joy:
Tis *here* I sing, and this my willing theme;
The artless lux'ry of familiar scenes.

A wealthy Father's bountiful bequest
Secur'd Monrose from fortune's random shaft;
Rich in the glittering substantial store,
He felt protected 'gainst her utmost power;
Not that alone—th' inestimable lines,
The preface to his fortune; (the sweet pledge
Of a fond father's still un'minish'd love;)
Secured his bosom 'gainst reflection's pang;
And tho' the tear swift rising unreprest
Mourn'd a lov'd parent's death;—the fount was clear
'Twas purest woe, unbitter'd by remorse.

" To thee, my Son, whose ever gentle nature
" Knew not to rise against a father's will,

" Whose mind, unspotted by a thought impure
" Seem'd Virtue's treasury; whose pitying heart
" Compassion sway'd; whose piety ne'er err'd,
" But when lamenting lack of pow'r to aid
" Imploring victims; whose indulgent love
" Bore with an aged parent's irksome humours;
" Whose pious gratitude thy mother cheer'd
" With mildest proofs of tenderest affection—
" To thee, who oft with fix'd attention heard
" What love would dictate for my Henry's good,
" Regardful of the motive; and whose deeds
" So fully prov'd thy tongue's sincerity,
" I thus bequeath—* * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

Receive, my dearest Son!
" Thy virtue's just reward, a father's blessing;
" And may it prove the harbinger of Heav'n's!

His mother, (an enfeebled victim long
To ling'ring pain,) was, ere his father's death,
Freed from life's irksome bondage ; long she bore
A pilgrimage of woe, but still resign'd
To Heav'ns decree ; tho' oft a wishful sigh
Burst it's weak prison ; (Sorrow's messenger !)
While from her eye a supplicating smile
Flash'd faint, and, trembling on her palid cheek,
Sat, courting death, to sign a Captive's ransom.
As Heav'ns decree, her sufferings she bore
With saint-like patience; not a whisp'ring 'plaint
Breath'd in presumptuous murmur to arraign
The will of Providence—she tranquil lay ;
The long-expected welcome guest arriv'd ;
—The smile retir'd—it's " occupation o'er."

In early infancy, his pliant mind
Received those first impressions parents joy
To see effective—grateful for their love,
He lisp'd obedience, and in riper years
Promis'd and practis'd ev'ry manly virtue.

Think not his parents partial—they had felt
The "Serpent-tooth" of filial disobedience.
A brother had Monrose, whose stubborn heart
Resisted ev'ry fond parental effort:
Each precept scorn'd; indulg'd each idle vice
Debasing man's high character;—they saw
With grief, each anxious effort cast away,
And sought consolement in their duteous boy.
(Thus the proud Florist equally divides
Among his tender plants his utmost skill;
Some amply pay his kind attention; some
Reap no advantage from his friendly zeal,
And scorn his lavish bounty and his love:
He quits the task, and o'er his fav'rite shrubs
Which daily thrive beneath his willing toil,
He watches, anxious, with redoubled care.)

Much had he read, much thought, and much observ'd,
Averse to fashion's prodigal extremes,

He chose the medium 'twixt the grave and gay,
Thus humour'd *age*—a model for the young.

Parents no more—relationship shrunk up
To mere acquaintance ; (victim to the sway
Of form punctilious, sacred Friendship's bane)
Well might the busy scenes of town disgust
A mind thus wooing and adoring nature.

O ! check the mean illiberal idea
That brands Monrose a hater of mankind ;
Alone amid the ceaseless din that marks
Continued increase of commercial duty,
Sad pass'd the time, unprofitably spent ;
He pin'd for sweet occasion to relieve
The woes of Sorrow's children ; but averse
To rush through traffic's vast impetuous crowd,
His charity was curb'd, his actions shew'd
The peevish stern recluse ; his heart remain'd
The soft abode of true philanthropy.

Resolv'd to seek amid romantic scenes
Full scope to exercise his cultur'd mind;
To follow Nature where she proudly reigns
In majesty stupendous;—to partake
Her daily lessons, suiting ev'ry age
And ev'ry age delighting; to enjoy
Once more that true serenity of mind,
To which a heart with unambitious thought
Replete, with unassuming hope aspires;
He bad the Town farewell, and onward bent
His eager steps, in slow but settled pace.

Alone he travel'd, tasting undisturb'd
The bounteous banquet Nature spreads for all
With hospitable zeal; a rich repast
For minds like his, uncloy'd, yet ever feasting.

In wildest order, near to Snowdon's base,
The scatter'd Cots in rustic pomp, invite
The social bosom to a grateful scene.

(Thus the mild Monarch courts his people's love,
Conscious how needful is his subjects' aid
To tend his welfare; gratefully he feels
His subjects' aid his mightiest defence,
His people's love the basis of his throne.
And thus the loyal band with ready zeal
Unite in ardent effort to support
A King belov'd, affectionate and just;
Conscious the tribute they so gladly yield,
In threefold value is repaid by him,
Who, sway'd by mildest passions, looks on all
With fond solicitude;—his bosom feels
The bond secure, reciprocal the tie, [smiles.)
And while the *King* commands, the Guardian

Each happy tenant his contented eye
Casts round his little mansion; and beholds
Around it's rudely decorated walls,
(His children's taste to gratify their sire)
The thrifty store of wealth; nor heaves a sigh
Urged by a wish its limits to extend.

Firm as the spotless honor of it's host,
One ancient cottage of superior height
Still flourish'd, chief among the humble group;
Within the lowly walls had Herbert lived
Near forty years recluse, except to few;
A chosen few, whom sorrows like his own
Made the just claimants of his willing love.

Yet let not these rude paths be coldly traced,
Let not these wilds with listless steps be trod,
Here fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,
Here charity uplifts the mind to God.

PASSAGE OF MOUNT ST. GOTHARD.

——— Love, first learned in a Lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But with the motion of all elements
Courses as swift as thought in ev'ry pow'r,
And gives to ev'ry pow'r a double pow'r
Above their functions and their offices.

SHAKESPERE.

'TWAS here Monrose in silent wonder gaz'd;
'Till now, no prospect his astonish'd eye
Had so entranc'd; "Behold the spot;" he cried,
"Where I could willing live, methinks, forever,
"Within these rugged walls if Virtue dwells,
"Type of themselves, as artless, plain, and lasting."

To Herbert's cottage slowly he advanc'd
And touch'd the yielding wicket, wide it flew,
Unus'd, like it's kind owner, to resist
The Trav'ller's gentle effort. Pleas'd he gaz'd,
Nor could he quell the soft attractive power
That thus allur'd his eye to willing bondage.
But say, ah! whence this soul-entrancing power,
Whose gentle influence disarm'd resistance?
Was it the placid venerable smile
Playing in mild expression on the cheek
Of pious Herbert, varied as the theme,
Cherish'd, or chill'd, by happiness or woe—
His manly voice emphatically rais'd
Aided by looks of softest eloquence
Shared by his grateful hearers.——?

——— Did the grave
Attentive Matron strike his raptur'd sense,
Who seem'd to fancy, as the strain sublime
Fell from his lips in matchless energy,

By Milton pen'd; 'twas Milton's self that sung?
Or was it thee, thou meek angelic maid!
Thy full blue eyes in modest steadiness,
Fix'd on thy kind Instructor; now the smile
Sporting in grateful token of delight,
While gazing in his face; and now aside,
In fondest hope thy Monitress should share
The sacred bliss, with which thy swelling heart
O'erflow'd, transported by th' exstatic theme?

He gaz'd; yet would not on the pious scene
Too hastily intrude; his eye implor'd
A pardon for the first, (tho' mild) offence,
Ere he dar'd need forgiveness of a second.

The smile of Herbert met his timid glance;
The book was clos'd; not so the lovely eye
Of fair Matilda, who in modest gaze
Seem'd to forget that Herbert spake no more,
Nor let one sigh accompany the sound
That slowly died upon his trembling lips.

The pious Bertha caught the soft alarm;
Her eye expressed benevolence—while yet
Temper'd with Prudence for her lovely charge,
'Till sway'd by Herbert, beam'd on him alone,
And gave the gen'rous smile re-doubled lustre.

Monrose amaz'd, and charm'd, with gentle step
Advanc'd, and siez'd his venerable hand;
And while his bosom glow'd with grateful joy,
Thus pleaded. (Tho' within each pitying breast
A powerful advocate secur'd his cause.)

" When the kind wicket yielded to my touch,
" And hasten'd backward to invite my step,
" I paus'd, abash'd; I shrunk, asham'd to view
" The rude effect, and from a stranger's hand;
" But you with smiles of gentlest eloquence,
" Forgave the rudeness in the trav'ller's welcome,
" Allur'd me on, and taught me to be bold.
" Yet ah! resume the sweetly magic page,

" Whose pious numbers from thy steady lips
" Flow in majestic harmony, and suit
" Most apt, the placid smile, the voice, the age."
(To Bertha now he turn'd, and softly spake)
" Dare I to plead permission to engage,
" A female advocate? those eyes, methinks
(And now his own on fair Matilda glanc'd)
" Bear sweet persuasion; and a female eye
" Speaks with resistless eloquence." A blush
Suffus'd her lovely cheek; the beauteous dye
Betray'd her fears lest he had seen and mark'd
The smile of open unsuspecting welcome,
And with the foplike vanity of youth,
Had drawn from thence his flatt'ring inference.
" The female eye" said Bertha, (to attract
His fix'd attention from the blushing maid)
" Speaks varied language; 'tis not in the Cot
" Of rustic plainness as beneath the roof
" Where art displays her train of votaries;
" Where each new effort to evade the plan
" Mark'd out by bounteous Nature, makes appeal

" To Fashion's willing pow'r, and from her stamp
" Receives an unsubstantial currency.
" 'Tis *there* the Eye is taught to speak, and change,
" The glance as suits the roving theme; but *here*
" Displays the purest dictates of the heart."
" Then was my judgment, (tho' presumptuous) right."
Exclaim'd Monrose; "Your judgment could not err,"
Replied the Matron "in a cause like this;
" I spoke to curb your general idea
" Of female eloquence, lest all receive
" A character deserv'd I trust by few;
" And those most skill'd, least worthy your regard."
" Alas! mistake not thus my honest meaning;
" Tho' young, thank Heav'n! Monrose has not consum'd
" His morning years unprofited. He saw
" Enough of art's allurements, to disgust
" A mind by early inclination pure;
" He chang'd the scene; (a momentary change!)

" In varied mask the universal foe
" Appear'd still hateful. O for ever blest
" The day I bade the *busy world* farewell,
" Vot'ry of nature; let me then adore
" Her lovely offspring; nor indulge a fear
" Monrose will flatter where he cannot praise."

" O! help him, dearest Bertha! Herbert faints."

Matilda's voice arrests the pleasing theme;
He darts to raise his venerable Host,
And ev'ry anxious effort to revive
His drooping sense, receives Matilda's aid;
Wafted in sighs that mourn her feeble means,
Mingled with tend'rest wishes for success.

Thy prayers, angelic Maid! are heard; he opes
His languid eyes, and gazes all around
With vacant stare; he grasps Monrose's hand;
Matilda's still he holds, and as it were
By sudden impulse irresistable,

He presses both in one; Matilda's eye
Again was eloquent;—Monrose replied:
The softest language darted in a smile.
Her full blue orbs receiv'd it's tender force,
Both felt abash'd, yet dar'd not *ask* the cause.
Bertha (still all-observant) kindly urg'd
Repose, as likeliest to renovate
Their valued host:—" Nor 'till the morn attempt
" To ask the cause; be it my willing care"
Exclaim'd Monrose, "to watch to-night his couch."

Bertha seem'd anxious to dispute the charge,
But Herbert a refusal gently wav'd,
While fervent pressure on Monrose's hand,
Interpreted his bosom's grateful meaning.

" Kind Heaven restore him!" as she left the cot,
Matilda softly sigh'd, " and bless thy ca e
" Stranger, whoe'er thou art! Monrose advanc'd;

He caught her parting words; she wav'd her hand,
And, led by Bertha, with reluctant step
Left the affecting scene.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm;
And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand!

T. WARTON.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to Heav'n;
Nor will I run the road to death
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

DR. WATTS.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart
And ev'ry care resign."

GOLDSMITH.

IN vain he urg'd
With tend'rest zeal, to sit beside the couch
Where Herbert slept—the good old man prepar'd
The bed where oft the welcome trav'ller slept,

(Whom chance or weariness had made his guest)
And as he gently forced him to it's side,
With fervent accent bless'd him, and retired.

"And Heaven bless thy hospitable soul!"
Now sigh'd Monrose; "and grant me but the means
"To quit thy gen'rous care! He sigh'd, for much
His bosom was oppress'd. His restless mind
Required repose; he sank upon the bed,
Thus wooing sleep, but many anxious thoughts
Forbad the sweet refreshment. Herbert first
Claim'd grateful meditation. Mystery
Appear'd to govern every word and act;
His sudden illness; subsequent request
To be attended by *himself* alone;
And last, his ardent parent-like farewell,
Crowded at once his agitated breast.
Matilda next; but ah! the rising wish
To see again the lovely maid, he dared
Attempt to check;—in vain;—her gentle care
And filial-like affection for his host,

Demanded pleasing scrutiny; he knew
The effort sweet, and his enraptur'd thoughts
Pictur'd a sweet conclusion. Bertha too
Conspired to check his slumbers. Did she guide
Matilda's step with *Motherly* regard,
Or was she but a prudent monitress
Chosen protector of the lovely charge?

While thoughts like these continued to deny
Sleep's welcome bondage, sounds of ardent prayer
Struck his attentive ear. 'Twas Herbert's voice,
In firm and pious tones; surpassing far
The night's preceding eloquence.

" THOU know'st
" O God of mercy! ev'ry secret thought
" That in this frail and corruptible form
" Exerts it's feeble sway; THOU read'st my heart,
" That ev'ry object centers in the wish
" To know, and serve THEE more; and tho' at best

" Imperfect are the services of man,
" Yet 'tis THY aid alone can give my soul
" True comfort here, and hopes of future bliss.

" O! grant me then (if such THY sacred will)
" Such portion of THY grace omnipotent,
" To see and hear the soft persuasive lures
" Of kindred tenderness, and love, unshaken.
" Shield me with fortitude to bear the pang
" Of parting sorrow; (Nature will maintain
" O'er our weak efforts still it's fondest sway,)
" And let my honest uncorrupted heart,
" While yielding to affection's impulse, feel
" The tie that binds me to a life, to THEE
" And THEE alone devoted.

" Bless the youth!
" Bless with THY fullest joys the young Monrose!
" Guide and protect him thro' the dang'rous path
" Of mortal pilgrimage; enrich his heart
" With all his parents virtues, to perceive

" How permanent the bliss where virtue dwells;
" Grant him Philanthropy; delightful source
" Whence purest blessings spring! that teaches
" To know his real value, and derive [man
" From his dependants' happiness his own."

He ceas'd, and on the couch exhausted sank;
Nor sank again unseen; Monrose was nigh;
His arm the fainting supplicant receiv'd;
The youth had heard his prayer, himself the theme,
And flew to clear the seeming mystery.

" O let me not," he cried, " a moment stay,
" Rack'd by the cruel tortures of suspense;
" Relieve my burden'd soul; nor let me thus
" Remain in ling'ring agony. But ah!
" Thou need'st thyself some kind consoling friend
" To cherish and support thy wand'ring spirits;
" And I, of whom thou should'st command relief,
" Ungratefully increase thy bosom's anguish."

" O! say not so," he cried, 'tis thou alone
" Bring'st back delight to my deserted soul;
" Years of submissive sorrow to the will
" Of fate omnipotent, the calm approach
" Of age had hasten'd, (for the sigh of woe
" Will through the breast where resignation dwells
" Intrude uncourted, like the eastern gale
" That oft relentless chills the sweets of spring)
" 'Till thy arrival cheer'd the mournful gloom
" That with consuming sorrow has obscur'd
" My Life's mid-day, nor yet dissolves the cloud
" Chaced by the mild effulgent ray of hope;
" But spreads it's subtle substance to unfold
" A fearful truth, that life is in it's eve,
" And night prepares to close the transient scene."

The accents faded on his trembling lips,
Yet still he breath'd, and fix'd his languid eye
Upon the weeping youth's; and faintly look'd
Such doating tenderness, as if therein
Dwelt some fond charm to stay the ebb of life.

Monrose in silent sorrow mark'd the gaze
That seem'd to dart the soul's best eloquence,
As oft a feeble ray of heartfelt joy
Display'd it's mild dominion. Thrice he sigh'd,
His breast o'erwhelm'd with unaccording thoughts.

Love, Duty and Humanity may dwell
Joint tenants of one mansion, but exert
An independant, and despotic sway.

The rising combat in his tortured breast
Raged unresisted, and the tide of woe
Thus flow'd, and spoke the anguish of his soul.

" O! that I thus alone could spend my life
" To calm thy griefs, and ever watch thy couch
" With care unceasing! that my willing power
" Could make thy life as light and easy here
" As will hereafter be thy height of bliss!
" How can I leave thee? thou to whom my heart
" Beats with instinctive tenderness; to whom

" I look for future safety and success,
" Arm'd with the lessons of thy sage advice,
" Affection's fondest dictates. 'Twas Monrose
" For whom thy fervent prayer was rais'd to hea-
" And may I forfeit ev'ry blissful hope [ven,
" Of man's short love, or Heav'ns eternal care,
" If, while I live, my bosom cease to own
" The sov'reign tie of heartfelt gratitude!"

A look expressive of the purest love
Repaid the noble youth; 'twas two-fold joy;
To see reviv'd his venerable Host,
And that his first fond glance should dart on him.

He thus, (oft sighing as he spake) went on.
" A dying Father's mandate prompts my steps;
Methinks I still retain the parting sounds
Of tenderness parental. " Take, my boy,
" This packet to thy care; be thine the task
" To expiate *my* guilt." My soul was shock'd;
Amaz'd, I started, but my trembling hand

He grasp'd, and in a stern yet feeble tone,
(As if he labor'd with an inward grief)
Continued thus. " Injustice is the crime
" That blots my fame, that weighs my sinking soul;
" The world accounts me good, and gives my name
" An honor'd rank among it's public friends;
" I know my guilt; *that* ever in my view,
" Inverts the wonted glory of renown;
" Changing sweet friendship and the world's esteem
" To swelling torment, and a daily curse.

" This packet the dread secret will disclose;
" Will publish forth my crime, will brand my name
" With everlasting infamy; but still
" When once stern malice is sufficed, will plead
" (Not *here* perhaps in vain) the sinner's cause.
" There rests my hope; A brother's boundless love
" Will sue for me; that sweet consoling thought
" Becalms my woes; let Owen but forgive,
" And with his pardon speed my soul to Heaven!"

In broken sounds the ling'ring accents flow'd;
And all was now in sad confusion lost;
His senses fled;—his eye-balls wildly roll'd,
And then unalterably fix'd on me
He sigh'd his last, and—left me to the world."

"To me! to me he left thee!" now exclaim'd
The soul-transported *Herbert*. "O my child!
"My brother's darling boy!—In me behold
"The injured happy Owen—bless'd in thee
"The mem'ry of all former grief is fled;
"I live again; my brother lives in thee,
"In this embrace I fold him to my heart."

Marcia, they both are high in my esteem;
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?

ADDISON'S CATO.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow.
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

SHAKESPERE.

TO Owen, and the father of Monrose,
One day, one hour, one Mother gave existence.
Equal her love, while equal were the claims
Of infant weakness; while her anxious care
Receiv'd full payment from their playful smiles;
As when upon her circling arm they shar'd
The soft o'erflowings of a blissful heart,
Alighting on her babes in fond caresses.

Why should I rend affection's gentle breast,
Relating actions filial duty scorns?

Why should I bid the tear suffuse the cheek
Of young obedience? (Gratifying sight!
When youthful bosoms pant 'twixt hope and fear
At interesting fiction, and awake
To softest feelings, make the tale their own.
When nature's impulse sways the pliant heart,
Which yields to gen'rous sympathy; and pleas'd
Partakes alike the sorrow and the joy.)

Suffice it, then, that time too plainly shew'd
Unequal tempers—spite of all the care
The fondly anxious mother daily knows.

Dudley, (Monrose's father) early shew'd
Ambition his untutor'd bosom sway'd;
While Owen's pliant breast so mildly swell'd
With ev'ry lib'ral, soft, and noble feeling,
A brother's foibles (tho' they met his view)
Found no admittance there. He saw the fire
That e'er illum'd his animated eye,
And thought a manly emulation caus'd

The spark that *envy* kindled. Soft reproof
Would in such meekly-flowing accents meet
His brother's ardor, quick the brow resum'd
It's tranquil dignity, and blushing smiles
Of conscious shame confest the gen'rous conquest.

Youth then *could* blush, ere yet in art's throng'd school
Taught to oppose fair Conscience' first rebukes,
To mock at modesty, and spurn reproof.

But ah! too soon he check'd the timid blush,
Urg'd by derisive sarcasm, which assail'd
With venomous intent; at distance first
He view'd the lures of vice with front unchang'd;
Then nearer let them court him; 'till at length
Familiarized to *bear* them, he admired.

Ere yet of age, with equal flame, and pure
As equal, sigh'd each captivated youth.

Sophia was the model of her sex;
Clad in the charms of native innocence,
She captur'd hearts unconscious of her power,
And look'd most lovely when the least adorn'd.

She heard their suit; she heard, and sigh'd; as both
Possessed her friendship, (neither yet her love)
For merit's plea was eloquent in each;
Increas'd attention gain'd increas'd esteem,
Both equal sharers of the rich reward;
Untoward fate! both loving, both belov'd.

Young Dudley, ever eager in pursuit,
Urg'd his superior claim; his ardent breast
Glow'd with impatient love; while Owen's eye,
Swift messenger (and eloquent as swift)
Of his rapt bosom's meaning—prompted oft
By sighs of unequivocal intent,
With matchless energy declar'd his passion.

Hapless Sophia! gratitude impel'd
A speedy choice, but each alike deserv'd
Her yielding hand; in generous suspense
Awhile she stay'd, tho' oft a fervent hope
In secret breath'd to find some cause their worth
Determining; nor stay'd, alas! in vain.

A note, one morn, upon her toilet laid,
Caught her astonish'd eye; but more amaz'd
Her pitying bosom, when with grief-struck gaze,
She scan'd it's cruel tidings.

"Lovely maid!
" Beware the foul-intention'd Owen; proof too strong
" Pierces the specious mask; beneath his smiles
" Sits Envy brooding o'er projected ills,
" And fiend-like malice-born hypocrisy
" Lurks in each word, and governs ev'ry act.
" Beware! fair creature; yet in time, beware!"

So long accustom'd to his cheering voice,
So often charm'd when Owen swell'd the lay,
Or touch'd the heart with tales of artless sorrow,
Pen'd by simplicity; alas! how great
The sacrifice to prudence! yet how fit!
(Admitting truth to pen the woe-fraught lines.)

A passing glance o'erclouded by distrust,
Awaken'd in the susceptible breast
Of Owen, keenest pangs of sad amaze;
Silent he stood; but rapt in cheerless thought,
He gave the fleeting minutes (which 'till now
Had never past inactive, or in vain;)
To gloomy meditation; but the cause,
The more he ponder'd on the maid's reserve,
Seem'd farther distant from his tortur'd mind.

A second meeting gain'd a like return;
He caught her arm, and in the mildest tones
Of woe unmerited, besought her pity.

But no! those smiles Sophia once ador'd,
Those tender accents, those imploring strains
Whose soft persuasion once so charm'd her ear;
Serv'd but to summon prudence to her aid,
To bear her from the overwhelming danger.

His flashing eye, now phrenzy, now despair
Alternate sway'd; while she the fatal lines
Display'd, (still speechless,) to his frantic gaze.
Returning sense increas'd his bosom's grief;
He saw the cause; he saw the deep effect
Immoveable; he rais'd his eyes to Heav'n,
And smote his breast in silent agony.

She fled, while he in motionless despair
Pursued her with his eyes; the object lost,
He sank desponding on his couch, and tears
Appeas'd the sorrows of his anguish'd soul.

The ling'ring night appears an age of pain
To sleepless misery; 'twas thus with him.
His eyelids clos'd to represent alone
That chilling frown, so awful in idea,
So fatal in reality. In vain
He mus'd; his manly bosom never yet
Indulg'd suspicion; to deceit, himself
Yet unaccustom'd—distant was the thought
A Brother had, or *could* become a foe.
Dreadful suspense! tho' conscience still enjoy'd
Serenity unblemish'd;—frequent rays
Of sweetest consolation calm'd his breast,
Still shining forth with undiminish'd lustre.

Nought now remain'd but flying from a scene,
O'er which, in clouds of ne'er dissolving gloom,
Reign'd prejudice in tranquil usurpation.

The Cottage where an aged pair had dwelt
Near nineteen years, (an adequate reward

For nineteen years of faithful servitude;)
Now claim'd his fix'd attention; scarcely ceas'd
The friendly stream of tributary tears,
Renew'd by each fresh list'ner to the tale
How Allan died, and how sad Gwynneth mourn'd,
Till death in pity bore her to his side,
When Owen's presence beam'd consoling joy,
And tears of rapture gave the grateful welcome.

The happy Peasantry their utmost aid
Forced on their valued Landlord; 'twas the Cot
In which his father spent his early years;
'Twas then the scene of bliss; the morning dawn'd
To bounteous acts, impartially dispensed
Among his happy tenantry; the eve
Renew'd the strains of rustic gratitude.

The pious Owen ev'ry joy reviv'd;
His gentle disposition sought for bliss
In the contented smiles of those around

His ancient heritage: That bliss had *seem'd*
His bosom's faithful guest, since first the Cot
Receiv'd him it's hereditary Lord.

Were I crown'd the most imperial Monarch,
Thereof most worthy: were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's; I would not prize them
Without her love!

SHAKESPERE.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven.
Fly! ye profane; or else, draw near with awe,
For here resistless demonstration dwells.
Here, tir'd dissimulation drops her mask,
Here, real and apparent are the same;
You see the man; you see his hold on Heaven:
Heav'n waits not the last moments; owns it's friends
On this side death, and points them out to men;
A lecture, silent, but of sov'reign power;
To vice, confusion; and, to virtue, peace.

YOUNG.

CLASP'D to the breast of Owen was Monrose
When morning dawn'd; the welcome aid of sleep
Had with it's soft refreshment lull'd their joys:

(In kind intent to make them rise again
To threefold rapture;) Owen, on his couch,
With hands and eyes and heart uprais'd to heav'n,
Pour'd forth his grateful orisons. Monrose
With equal fervour bent to *his* devotion.
And now the wicket's unresisting spring
Proclaim'd the presence of the anxious pair,
Whom love had early waken'd. Bertha first
Approach'd with eager step to greet her friend
With fond esteem most valued; blushing came
Matilda, lovely creature! bright as morn,
And pure as innocence; her bosom fraught
With mix'd emotions, which (till now unknown)
Awak'd her wonder, and themselves betray'd
In soft confusion on her glowing cheek.

She *look'd* at Herbert, *gaz'd* upon Monrose,
While yet (by duty's impulse sway'd alone)
His eye ne'er wander'd from his aged charge;
But Bertha's presence spoke Matilda near,

And, ere he rose, the glance of timid hope
Darting around, was welcom'd by a smile.

The rapture of that smile, the ardent glow
Of pure delight that swell'd each ample breast,
Pleas'd to interpret fondly for itself
The eyes soft diction;—ev'ry fond idea
That rush'd at once in joyous anarchy
To claim the heart's precedence, those have known
Who once knew love; and to explain to those
Whose breasts are strangers to that type of Heaven,
Is to usurp with impotent attempt
The pow'r of *Nature* in her choicest gift.
——They sat beside the couch.

Owen.—The more important are our schemes
The less should we to useless vacancy [in life,
Resign the fleeting hours: No man can say,
"To morrow is my own;" and least of all
Can those whom Heav'n has in it's goodness
bless'd
With length of healthy years. O! let me then

(While yet my wasting energies permit,)
With height of joy as such a cause demands,
Give to your hearts—those hearts where Herbert long
Has reign'd, (for so your ceaseless love declares,)
A youth deserving of your best esteem;
My brother's only son; source of that joy
That lulls my soul to mild serenity,
By Death's stern warning tho' about to leave
Her temporary mansion. You, my friends,
Have heard the sorrows of my early life;
And as the tale was piteous, wept and sigh'd,
In kind participation of my griefs—
—Share then my joys—the tidings of delight
Came by yon gentle Messenger. He died
Who slander'd me; repenting left the world,
And at that instant fled my injuries;
Sham'd to impede his soul's ascending flight,
Or dare to question it's pretence to Heaven.
—A fictious name has hitherto concealed
My birth and fortunes; but the time is come

When poor disguise no longer can avail;
Short is my date, but that, with joy so blest,
My soul's ideas conceive no greater bliss
On man awaits below. Herbert no more—
I am again *myself,* again Monrose;
I clasp once more a kinsman to my heart;
I see the champion of our sacred fame,
And die content;——the *Name* will never die."

Bertha.—Believe me, Herbert, (for by that dear name
I must once more address thee;) I partake
Thy transports with the ardor of a friend;
So have you ever call'd me; let me still
Deserve that honor'd title—and accept
The treasure you so gen'rously bestow;
Monrose shall be my friend, in Bertha's heart
That once was shar'd between my child and thee,
A place is open to the noble youth,
Who can partake without decreasing yours.

Owen.—And thou Matilda, thou wilt want a
A kind protector thro' the road of life; [friend,
Thou lov'st me, dearest girl! those tears bespeak
Thy ceaseless kind affection. To Monrose
Be now thy love, thy tears may still be *mine;*
No footstep shall profane the hallow'd turf
Rais'd o'er my corpse, on which thy morning tears
Descend like dew-drops from the springs of Heav'n.

Monrose.—How can I speak my soul's felicity!
The quick emotions of tumultuous joy
Oppress my thoughts, and mock the pow'r of language.
(To Herbert) First let me bend to thee; and let the tear—
The silent tear that speechless joy impels,
Convey the meaning of my grateful heart.
(To Bertha) Thou too hast call'd me friend; within your heart

Monrose enjoys a place; O blissful thought!
My soul seems sporting in an earthly Heaven!
And thou, Matilda; thou too, lovely maid!
Wilt kindly deign to think upon Monrose,
Obedient to the will of him you love;
Of him whose gentle wishes guide your duty.

Matilda.—Unus'd to clad my meaning in dis-
Unskill'd indeed, and unencouraged *here*, [guise,
I cannot speak but as my bosom feels,
And therefore——must be silent.

Owen.————O my child!
Heav'n guard thy innocence, and keep thy mind
Clad ever in its native purity!
Accept my parting blessing, for I feel
The struggle 'twixt mortality and death;
Soon the decisive conflict will be o'er;
And prais'd be Heav'n, in that my latest hour
I see with tranquil eye glide smoothly on,
And my last sigh serenely takes it's flight,
My Soul's conductor to the realms of bliss.

Each wish'd to answer; but the feeble tone
In which his parting accents died away,
Awak'd in either apprehensive breast
Prophetic grief that words could ill convey,
More suited to the eloquence of tears.

They saw with painful silence, the decline
Throughout exhausted Nature; and approach'd
With friendly efforts, and officious zeal,
To quiet and relieve his weaken'd frame;
But ah! their gentle cares were vain; he smiled
Once more, serenely gazing on them all;
He sigh'd on all a blessing, and expired.

Some days elaps'd ere ought but Owen's death
Was Bertha's mournful theme: Monrose would oft
Request the secret of Matilda's birth,
But grief unmix'd in Bertha's bosom sway'd
O'er ev'ry other feeling of the heart.

Near Bertha's dwelling ran the winding stream
From whose refreshing aid the meads derived

Their beauty and support ;—upon its bank,
(The native Garden-bound of Bertha's Cot,)
An Arbor woven by Matilda's hand
Of sweets perennial, stood a blooming shade,
Dispensing grateful odours to the air ;
Types of that pure and exquisite perfume
That fan'd their tender buds with fragrant gales,
As oft while busied in the sweet employ
Unconsciously she sigh'd.

The spot was sacred to pathetic themes,
Unsullied by the loud intrusive sound
Of giddy mirth. The dawn would oft behold
The friendly three in pious wonder wrapt,
Viewing the hand of excellence display'd
In the new glories of the rising day ;
While the expanding beauties of the roof
Would breathe unceasing fragrance to the sense,
And the gay feather'd cottagers above
Swell'd the blythe strain of rural melody.

And here Monrose his earnest suit renew'd,
To hear from Bertha, all that now remain'd
To crown his modest, his respectful wishes.
He felt Matilda's charms, but could not bear
To urge the theme of love, or let a smile
Usurp dominion o'er the downcast eye,
And rudely check woe's tributary tear.

The gentle Bertha with complacent air
Bow'd acquiescence; pleas'd that he *alone*
Should hear the artless narrative, which yet
From purest motives to the lovely maid
Had never been reveal'd.

Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty Seas if all their sands were Pearl,
The water Nectar, and the rocks pure Gold.

SHAKESPERE.

My little darling! dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—Oh! strange to hear!
Bought with a life still dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy Mother's bier.

SHAW.

Say, are you sure his Mercy shall extend
To ye so long a span? alas! ye sigh;
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn with equal ease to sleep or die.

MASON.

" NO high-wrought theme of infancy abus'd
By Guardian tyranny, or swift display
Of scenes unform'd by Nature's modest hand.—

No studied sentiment, no pompous phrase—
No empty vain embellishment I need
To decorate my tale. The early cares
Of sweet Matilda's life arriv'd ere yet
Her tender bosom could discern their weight:
Her spirits play'd in infant innocence
As on my lap the blooming Orphan lay,
While on the piteous narrative I dwelt
And mourn'd it's helpless and dependent state,
The little Cherub smil'd with playful joy,
Unconscious of it's woes.

My brother woo'd
Llewellyn's only daughter; He the Lord
Of all the wealthy manor where we dwelt;
He lov'd the beauteous Anna, and he swore
(As oft, in friendly confidence he sigh'd
The story of his love) her bosom's wealth
Was all he sought, or wish'd to call his own.
He courted not *" Llewellyn's only child,*
" The pride and envy of surrounding crouds,

" Rich in her prospects of encreasing wealth,
" And in her charms unequall'd"—He ador'd
" The lovely Anna, whose benignant heart"
Gain'd her the willing homage of the poor;
Pattern of modest excellence; alike
Gen'rous and pitying at sorrow's call;
Rich in the treasures of her spotless mind."

She view'd him as he was, nor wish'd him more;
Noble in spirit, elegant in form;
Possess'd of ev'ry virtue that adorns
The British Soldier. Ev'ry tender vow
Or fond profession of regard he made,
(As at the window by the river's brink,
At twilight's kind approach, he daily sigh'd)
Would she by Zephyr to the youth return,
(A Captive's only messenger) yet oft
She fear'd the fickle and inconstant gale,
The sacred pledge imperfectly convey'd.

She knew her Edward's love; she felt the chain
A cruel father's tyranny had wrought,
But *Hope's* the lamp that lights this vale of woe;
She knew the risk—to brave the rapid stream
Was Death—to *bondage:* Life to LIBERTY.

How could a bosom thus by nature form'd
Of softest mould, withstand the tempting lure?
Harsh-tongued Llewellyn terribly array'd
In unparental frowns—within whose heart
Affection reign'd no more—the sway usurp'd
By thoughts ungentle.—Edward faithful still,
Watching with anxious and unceasing care
Each blest occasion to confirm his vows
So oft declar'd before in sighs, in looks,
And strengthen'd now by deeds. Love gave the word—
Love bore her to the stream; Love taught the youth
To sieze the beauteous prize; Love chang'd her eyes

To brilliant gems, her flowing hair to gold—
—Love bless'd her Edward with his heart's
ambition.
But easy tasks were these; Love could not change
The stern relentless Father; mad with wrath,
He swore his Anne, his disobedient child
No more should call him parent; this he swore
In the first impulse of ungovern'd rage,
And yet uncancel'd is the oath; tho' sure,
If he whose brain by sad misfortune turned
To raging madness, finds a just excuse
For ev'ry action's error, more may he
Who once submits to passion's raging sway
Be counted lost to reason and to sense,
Impel'd by an ungovernable pow'r
That acts, resolves, and sins without a cause.

The Time-piece, priz'd as man's correctest friend,
Needs no external beauty to display
It's real excellence; the steady path

The hands in wond'rous harmony pursue,
Is mark'd and guided by one central spring
That regulates the whole. 'Tis thus in man;
That noblest work of all-creative pow'r
Rests all its claim to earthly dignity
On Godlike REASON, that directing spring
That stamps his fix'd Pre-eminence. To that
Let him be faithful; for if once subdued,
The mere *resemblance* of the man remains,
A being unimportant to the world.

Llewellyn, ever restless in his plans,
Invented schemes to gratify revenge;
But futile all; for Anna's steady love
Discover'd and betray'd each vile attempt
That sought to harm her Edward. Till at length
A Nephew anxious to revenge the cause,
(Or eager to obtain the rich reward
Llewellyn promis'd for success) appear'd
The champion of an injur'd Uncle's fame.
His upstart insolence from Edward drew

A friendly chiding, but repeated wrongs
In terms most piercing to an honest heart,
Provok'd his fate; ere thrice their swords had met,
The wrathful Howell sank to rise no more.
But Anna's cruel father's hate pursued
The noble youth, and drove him from her arms.
Yet ere he left the land, to me in charge
He gave his gentle Anna. To my arms
(His bosom's cheerless substitute,) he left
The beauteous mourner; lovelier in his eye
Since that sweet form that first entranc'd his heart,
Display'd the blissful token of their love.

But sad remembrance claims the ready sigh
That mourns the æra of Matilda's birth.
Alas! sweet babe! I welcom'd thee with tears;
I bless'd my child, and yet could half regret
It's dearly purchas'd life—The fatal hour
That gave the shining treasure to the world,

Destroy'd the beauteous Mine from whence it
sprung.

'Tis eighteen years since first my lovely charge
Bless'd my deserted arms—'tis eighteen years
(Long joyless years) since gentle Edward fled.

The pious Owen shar'd my saddest hours,
And shar'd the guidance of Matilda's mind;
But often has the charming girl desir'd
To know her hapless parents. Then have I
Rehear'd the sorrows of a mother's life,
And melancholy exit from the world;
But for her father, more I could not say,
Than that some foreign shore as yet detain'd
A bosom anxious for a daughter's love.
I prais'd his noble heart, his faith sincere
To his lost Anna, told his deeds of worth;
(For deeds unworthy thro' his path of life
No record could my partial mem'ry trace)
I won her duty, and the gentle aid

Of our late common friend confirm'd her heart
In filial tenderness, and grateful love."

A feeble shriek alarm'd the friendly pair,
And now Matilda's voice in saddest sounds
Met their astonish'd ears; they look'd surprize;
But knew not how, or what to speak; again
The plaintive mourner cries; they quit the bower,
Matilda views her sympathizing friends;
She faintly screams, and rushes to their arms.

By signs of deepest woe she drew them on,
Panting her bosom, and her languid eye.
Just rais'd to plead enfeebled nature's cause.
Monrose with tend'rest care essay'd to calm
Her bosom's agitation—Vain attempt!
She spurn'd his friendly zeal, and as inspir'd
By more than mortal strength, she shriek'd aloud,
"He's dead! O save him! save him from the wave!
Then wildly ran, and on the riv'let's brink

Threw her exhausted form. With trembling speed
Monrose and Bertha follow'd to the stream,
And shar'd the dreadful sight. Matilda lay
Beside a palid corpse—the frequent drops
That hurried from his hair, proclaim'd how late
His rescue from the overwhelming tide.

Matilda lay insensibly alive,
Her full blue eyes were fix'd in steady gaze
Upon the senseless form. The tender arts
True pity ever practically learns,
Monrose and Bertha anxiously essay'd;
And gleams of comfort darted to their souls,
While as the manly youth his hand and breast
With gentle pressure tried, the feeble beat
Of his yet steady pulse, the frequent sigh
With which his still warm bosom softly heav'd,
Bespoke returning life. Matilda caught
The signs of joy, her torpid sense reviv'd;
She touch'd his breast, felt the convincing throb,

Her hands she clasp'd, and on her knees to
Heaven
Pour'd forth her thanks in grateful ecstacy.

"I sav'd him! Gracious Heav'n! 'twas I who saw
"And caught his hand when struggling with
the wave,
"O blessed thought! eternal praise to Heav'n
"That granted to Matilda's feeble arm
"So glorious a deed!"

"Matilda! ah!
"And art thou then Matilda? do I live?
(Exclaim'd the Stranger, whose uplifted eye
Had thrown on her it's first imperfect rays)
"Or have I gain'd the mansions of the good,
"And Anna's spirit welcomes me to bliss?'
"Ah! no, my weaken'd faculties confess
"My wretched frail existence, and obtrude
"An urgent claim to man's benevolence."

"And is it thou?" said Bertha," can it be
"Our long lost Edward?"

Here Monrose was nigh,
And rais'd the feeble victim to her arms,
They join'd embrace, and blessed their gentle friend:
Matilda caught the sound—her heart was full,
She saw Monrose in fond attention rapt,
She press'd his offer'd hand with grateful joy,
And unreluctant sank upon his breast.

* * * * * * * * * *

When sleep its balmy and refreshing pow'r
Had o'er the Cot in ample bounty shed—
(Nature's kind handmaid! that with ready zeal
Waits with her soothing aid her woes to cheer,
Or lull each waking sorrow to repose)
The spirits of the grateful inmates shone
With all their wonted lustre; Edward then

Could dwell with pleasure on the ev'ning scene,
And gaze with heartfelt transport on his child.
He told, how ere he left his native land
He heard the mournful tale, the death of her
His faithful heart ador'd. His infant girl
Safe in a sister's shelt'ring arms, and still
His enemies relentless—urg'd him on;
He left the shore, and since had pass'd an age
Of chequer'd but uninteresting scene,
Blest as he was by Heav'n's protecting mercy.

At length he had regain'd the happy shore
Possess'd of competence to lull the cares
That croud ambition's train.—His agent fled;
The wretch had plausibly deceiv'd his friend,
And in a brother's mask had plan'd a deed
Bred in a dæmon's bosom: Hope no more
With flatt'ring prospect came to cheer his breast;
Wand'ring a prey to wild tumultuous thought,
He mark'd alone the dictates of despair.

The sad confession tortur'd him anew;
He own'd his rash intention, and implor'd
In deep contrition for the guilty deed,
Forgiveness of offended Providence.

At each kind glance their souls unite;
While love's soft sympathy imparts
The tender transport of delight,
That beats in undivided hearts.

CARTWRIGHT.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore
When you should find the plaister.

SHAKESPERE.

So may the Queen of Love long duty bless,
And all true lovers find the same success.

DRYDEN.

SOON was the scene of happiness renew'd;
Matilda feasted on a father's smiles,
Monrose but liv'd in her's. The gentle youth
Had mark'd each fond emotion of her soul
Rising in varied rapture to announce
A rescued Parent; and by fancy led,

Whose flattering pencil heighten'd ev'ry tint
Of filial goodness, Virtues ever new
Seem'd to declare perfection was their source.

How could a man, whose susceptible heart
With worth and honor held such sacred ties,
Here rest unmov'd? Her unsuspecting breast
In all the charms of native innocence
Lay open to his view; again he bless'd
The day that led him to this seat of bliss—
That hail'd Matilda, Empress of his heart.

Nor was Matilda's bosom sway'd alone
By *filial* tenderness; the ardent glow
Of youthful love that warm'd her tender frame,
Rais'd in her pliant inexperienced heart
A new and keen sensation; 'twas not pain,
Yet something far two restless to deserve
The name of Pleasure; 'twas beyond the pow'r
Of her unstudied words to speak it's name;
It *felt* a pleasing Grief, a painful Joy.

No formal speech by timid glance prefaced,
And dictated by custom, had declar'd
Their bosom's pure affinity; but looks
Of fond affection, innocently bold,
Had painted with unerring eloquence
The heart's soft impulse—unresisted Love.

Whene'er he spake, or sang some plaintive air,
By Bertha oft requested—or rehears'd
Some sadly pleasing tale, from infant years
By faithful mem'ry borne—Matilda's eye
Watch'd ev'ry action of the mournful theme,
And gave to woe a sympathizing tear;
Which with her lovely hand she'd wipe away,
Unwilling he should see the frequent gift;
Lest fondly bent to spare the gentle pain,
He ceas'd to please, intending to be kind.

Ah! vain attempt! to 'scape a Lover's eye
That reads with mildly penetrating glance
The gen'rous impulse of a feeling heart.

(Why check the tear? ah! why repress the sigh?
The noblest tributes of a thankful soul—
Best praise and purest gratitude to Heaven.
'Tis not, to weep at Sorrow, that betrays
(As fools aver) a weakness of the mind;
To feel a brother's woe, to calm or share
His sorrow's burthen, is Man's duty here;
At humble distance 'tis to copy Heaven;—
'Tis good to pity; Godlike to protect.

Let nature be our study; daily rise
In silent lessons to the heart of man
Examples of reciprocal support,
Of mutual need, and universal love.
Around the Oak that rears it's lofty head
In splendid Majesty, the Ivy clings;
The shrub ne'er pilfers from his store of fame,
Or claims that homage due alone to *him*;
The forest Monarch yielding its support,
Thus best preserves its native dignity.)

Nor pass'd unseen their loves.—Monrose
appear'd
In Edward's eyes but as his younger self.
He saw him oft, while she attentive sat
With downcast eye, glance from the half read
page,
And, while with modest rapture fondly gazing,
Take ample payment for the gentle task.
Such purity of love, such mild respect
Beam'd from his manly eye—*He* could not check
The youthful fire—he thought of Anne—and
sigh'd.

'Twas eve, when as along the vale they stray'd,
Tasting the cool refreshment of the breeze,
That borrow'd sweetness from each fragrant plant,
And scatter'd mingled perfumes as it play'd—
A venerable form, who on his staff
In musing posture lean'd, at distance stood.
His tatter'd garb they could discern afar,
And care-worn countenance; the outward shew

Of meagre wretchedness.—Soft Charity
Had lent their willing steps increasing speed,
When with an unconceiv'd and sudden haste,
He glanc'd an angry look, and midst the trees
The gloomy entrance to a trackless dell,
Escap'd from sight.

His dark revengeful brow,
By Bertha only seen—was *seen* alone;
And pass'd unnoticed—follow'd by the rest
With looks of kindest pity and regret.
" Poor houseless wretch!" cried Bertha, " what could lead
" Thy wand'ring step to this unfriendly soil?
" Victim of Poverty! here dwells no gain;
" No riches here are scatter'd by the gay;
" Hope for the future is our chief support,
" And prayers and pity all we have to give."
" Alas! my gentle friend!" Monrose rejoin'd,
" Choice does not guide the Beggar on his way;
" In London oft, as here, a bitter trade

" For scanty earnings on a thorny road,
" Necessity's relentless gripe impels.

" Ask why the Ballad-Singer, (hapless wretch!)
" Pours forth a broken and discordant sound,
" The piercing plaint of each distorted nerve,
" And calls it ' Lullaby!'—ask why that air
" Breath'd in soft accents from the vocal pipe
" STORACE tunes, enchants the list'ning ear
" With sweetest strains of thrilling harmony.—
" Pamper'd with choicest luxuries—indulg'd
" With all that fond invention can suggest,
" To render sweeter what was ever sweet,
" Well may the tones be lofty; while the lay
" Heav'd from the starving organs of the poor,
" Proclaims the bitter choice—" No song, no
Supper."

Proceeding on in circular advance,
They now the covert's opposite extreme

Drew near, in earnest converse still engag'd;
Each eye intent, whosever was the theme,
Nor thought of ought but harmony and love,
Till darker objects burst upon the view.

Close to the thicket stood the aged wretch,
Bent as before; and from his haggard eyes
Flash'd looks of anger—heighten'd by the gloom
Of settled frowns, that furrow'd o'er his brow.

He gaz'd awhile, then slowly wander'd on,
Oft glancing, as reluctantly he moved,
A look expressive of a wish to stay;
A look that spoke the fury of revenge,
Mingled with keenest anguish of the soul.
Monrose was anxious to remain alone,
And hear the beggar's suit.—Matilda sigh'd,
And Bertha clasp'd her hand—and both retired.
But Edward felt an int'rest in the tale,
And beg'd the Stranger might alone to him
Unfold his need.—Monrose submission bow'd,
Kindly withdrew, and sought Matilda's path.

Edward approach'd; the Stranger met his step
Unaw'd; nor seem'd unwilling to be seen.
But rais'd his head, and shew'd a manly front;
Furrow'd his brows and cheeks, and half extinct
That animating fire that his eye
So late illum'd, as if by sickness dim'd,
Or age's Sov'reignty usurp'd by Woe.

"What need you, Stranger," Edward mildly said,
"That still alone in this deserted vale,
"You wander thus, nor quit its scanty bounds?"

"My need is great;" with loud and angry tone
"The Stranger answer'd; "but to hearts like yours,
"Tasting continued pleasure, revelling
"In undisturb'd unmix'd felicity,
"My woes in vain appeal: Suffice it then,
"Mirth's thoughtless worshipper! that Peace enthrones
"Your breast, and Anarchy oppresses mine."

" How apt are men who feel some inward grief
" Prey with unceasing anguish on the mind,
" To start from Reason's sacred consolation;
" Turn from a soothing friend, or wildly laugh
" At gentle admonition—and exclaim,
" Their lot of all mankind is most accurst,
" And pale misfortune o'er their destin'd head
" Has fix'd, immoveable, her gloomy throne!
" 'Tis Heav'ns alone to read my inmost soul;
" There, still the wound inflicted long by woe
" Pleads my sad cause, and pleads alone to Heaven."

" And why then mask with vacant airy smiles
" Thy bosom's woes? why hide thy real cares,
" Vain Hypocrite! to lure unthinking crouds
" To glut the breed of fools?"

" Unkindly said!
" When Man would rail at Heav'ns supreme decrees,
" Or thinks he suffers more than mortal strength
" Can firmly bear—let him but look around;

" Let his enquiring eye survey the lot
" Of thousands fix'd or scatter'd in his path,
" And by comparison secure content.
" I have known sorrow, but I thank my God
" My efforts of submission to his will
" Have met the blessing of his strength'ning
grace;
" Sorrow's the lot of man; the sad bequest
" Of our first parents to their future seed;
" The fatal legacy extends to all,
" But all not equal sharers: Happy those!
" Who then can soothe another's wretchedness,
" And with a manly spirit bear their own!
" This thought represses each complaining sigh;
" Were all mankind to raise the plaintive strain
" Of gen'ral woe proportion'd to their griefs,
" My voice would never make its feeble way
" Amid the mournful chorus."

" Cease dissembler!
" Or if not so, insensible to shame;
" Corrupt thy nature; steel'd against the charms

" Of gen'rous sympathy, unchanging love,
" And ev'ry soft affection of the heart.
" Knows't thou Llewellyn?" in a voice of rage
The Stranger added, and his tatter'd garb
Tore from his aged limbs; beneath there shone
His regal cloak, concealing ill the blades
Of equal swords, in length and fatal worth.

" Know'st thou Llewellyn?" thunder'd he again,
(Loud as the power of approaching age
His failing voice and shaking frame allow'd.)
" Llewellyn, sinking to the threat'ning gloom
" Of endless woe, of comfortless despair;
" In vain I think, reflection drives me mad,
" My voice—complaint—my feelings—agony.
" O thou hast plunder'd me! my dearest wealth
" Hast thou most subtly stolen; 'twas my girl!
" My only darling! Ah! my heart's on fire—
" Give me my Anna—O! restore my child,
" Or let her father follow to her grave.
" But no! 'tis retribution nerves my arm;
" Grant me, kind Heav'n! a parent's just revenge;

" To lay my daughter's murd'rer at my feet.
" Then will I boast—awhile forget my child,
" And praise the valiant age-enfeebled arm
" That stretch'd thee by me.—Use me as a man,
" Thou can'st not wrong me more—thou'st slain
my child;
" Curses upon thee! deeds shall speak the rest."

His sword he siez'd, and aim'd a desp'rate pass,
But Edward's skill receiv'd the black attempt
Unhurt; and turn'd the weapon from his breast.
Llewellyn rav'd, and madly bent on death,
Tried ev'ry effort to obtain his end;
But Edward stood successful in defence,
And coolly brave—Like some majestic flow'r,
Bending beneath the rain's incessant stream
With prudent mildness; till the torrent ceas'd,
Proudly it rises, rears it's lofty head
In sparkling brilliancy above its fellows,
Seems to contemn the weakness of it's foe,
And borrows from it's wreck, increasing lustre.
But ah! Llewellyn's bosom still retain'd

The burning glow of unallay'd revenge;
He rous'd his utmost strength, and rais'd his
sword
Strait to his rival's heart—the well-aim'd steel
He push'd with feeble fury, but Monrose
Burst at the instant on his nerveless arm,
And snatch'd the fatal weapon from his grasp.

Llewellyn baffled in his only hope,
His hasty wish to gratify revenge,
And spent the scanty remnant of his strength—
Grief vanquish'd rage, frowns gave the way to
And passion melted to the strains of woe. [tears,

" O give me back my girl! let these old eyes
" Close to their last and everlasting night,
" Beneath her duteous hand.—'Twas *thou* alone
" Seduc'd her from me, bore away my bliss,
" The sole delight of my declining years.
" In her, bereft of all my soul ador'd,
" Of all that sooth'd the peevishness of age,
" Or cheer'd me when a gloomy thought disturb'd

" My mind's serenity—Can'st wonder now
" My passions wander, and usurp a sway
" That rends my heart with painful anarchy?"

" And have not I too lost my soul's delight?"
Cried Edward, calmly, and with pitying smile;
" Did not I love my Anna? fondly doat
" On ev'ry soft perfection that adorn'd
" Her charming form, or matchless gentle nature?
" Forbear to wound me thus—believe *my* tears
" Fly from that mighty source whence springs
thy own;
" When mem'ry summons, NATURE will obey."

A pause of silent grief reliev'd their hearts,
And sighs of deepest anguish check'd their speech.

Tears flow'd no more—again Llewellyn rais'd
His rayless eyes—again on Edward gaz'd
With stern reluctance, and again he sigh'd
In frantic terms the sorrows of his soul.

" O Anna! gone! my daughter! gone for ever!
" And must thy aged Parent weep in vain
" Thy everlasting absence?—fled my joys—
" Fled the sweet solace of my painful hours:
" Fled ev'ry hope! and fled—alas!—for ever.
"—For ever!—no.—O! welcome to my soul,
" Thou cheering ray! her absence will not be
" Eternal—far beyond the sight of man,
" As far beyond, as there the bliss exceeds
" Man's best attainments here—my child will greet
" Once more her doating father.—There again
" Shall we in rapture meet—to part no more.

" Blest spirit of my injur'd child! behold
" Thy wretched parent:—O! forgive thy wrongs,
" And sign my pardon with a Cherub's smile;
" A smile to call me from a world of woe,—
" To welcome me to Paradise and thee."

Matilda met his view—by Bertha led;
With anxious terror in the Matron's eyes,

While gratitude, to see her father safe,
And that Monrose had chang'd the fatal scene,
Illum'd the lovely maid's.

" All-gracious Heaven!
" Speak—lovely vision!—tell me, do I live?"
Llewellyn feebly cried, and sank between
His kind supporters—while from side to side
Turn'd his enquiring eyes.—"Say—is't my child?
" It has her look.—My Anna used to smile
" On her fond father.—Lead me to her arms;
" Let me embrace once more my darling girl.
" Heav'ns blessings on thee, love!"—He tried [to rise,
But sank exhausted on Monrose's arm.
" Give me my Anna—let me kiss my child;
" Hold her not from me—is she not my own?"

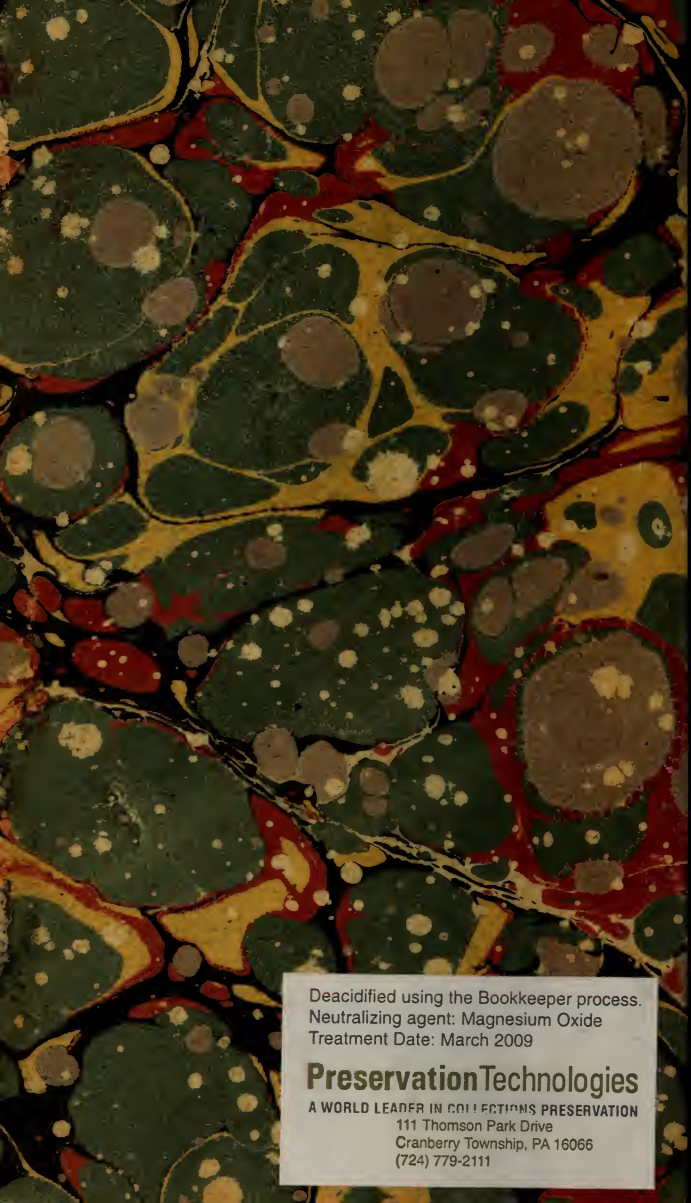
Matilda flew to press his aged cheek,
Edward had placed her lovely hand in his;
Bertha in silence gaz'd—Monrose advanc'd—
He look'd with rapture on the pious act
Of his belov'd Matilda—Edward's then

His eye benignly met—and thus he dar'd
Interpret fondly all it's gen'rous meaning,
While on Llewellyn's hand he gently hung,
And beg'd his blessing to complete his bliss.

"Mine is the charming maid! Matilda's mine!
" Thy Anna's lovely offspring is to me
" As Anna was to Edward.—Edward smiles—
" He joins our hands, he gives her to my heart:
" Hence light delusive joys—Monrose is bless'd.

Llewellyn slowly rais'd his languid eye;
" Bless ye!" he faintly cried, " my all is your's—
" I die content—my daughter lives again;
" In yon bright maid my Anna lives—she lives
" To close Llewellyn's eyes—My prayers reward
" The duteous act—my grateful praise to Heaven!'

FINIS.



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